

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Nay, do not thinke I flatter,
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reueneue hast but thy good spirits
To feede and cloath thee, why should the poore be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick obsurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning, dost thou heare,
Since my deere soule was mistris of her choyce,
And could of men distinguish her election
Shath seald thee for her selfe, for thou hast beene
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffers and rewards
Hast rane with equall thanks; and blest are those
Whose bloud and iudgement are so well comedled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger
To sound what stoppe shee please: giue me that man
That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart
As I do thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou seest that act a foore,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that wee haue seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* stithy; giue him heedfull nore
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
And after wee will both our iudgements ioyne
In censure of his seem'ng.
Hora. Well my Lord,
If a scale ought the whilst this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,
Polonius, Ophelia.*

Ham. They are coming to the play. I must be idle.

Prince of Denmarke.

Get you a place.

King. How seares our cousin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent yfaith.

Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promis-cram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this aunswer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You playd once i'th Vniuersity you say,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,

Brutus kild me,

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so Capitall a case there.

Be the Players ready?

Ros. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hether my deare *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother heere's mettle more attractiue.

Pol. O, oh, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely ligge-maker, what should a man do but
be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my Mother looks, and my
father died within's two howres.

Ophe. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the diuell weare blacke, for Ile haue a
sute of fables; O heauens, die two months ago, and not forgotten yet,
then there's hope a great mans memory may out-liue his life halfe a
yeare, but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or else shall a suffer
not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for O, for
O, the hobby-horse is forgot.